The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO XXXI.

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MAY 21, 1892.

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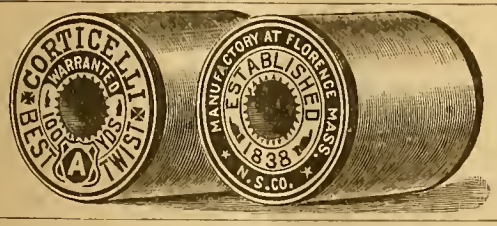

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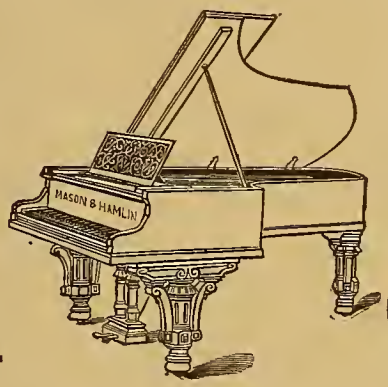

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., MAY 21, 1892. No. 31

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price $2.00 a year. Weekly copies 5 cents. Monthly copies 15 cents.

EDITORS:

BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.

JANET E. DAVIDSON, '92. AGNES S. HOLBROOK, '92.
HELEN G. EAGER, '93 CAROLINE N. NEWMAN, '93.
HELEN R. STAHR, '94. FRANCES LUCAS, '94.
ETHEL STANWOOD, '94. ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, '79.

MISS CAROLINE MUDGETT, SP.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent *in all cases*, to Helen Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley Mass.

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

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EDITORIALS.

A measure has been adopted this year which will do much to relieve the heavy strain which in past years has seemed to the seniors the inevitable accompaniment of the last few weeks of work. Almost all the academic departments require a thesis to be written as the final work of the course instead of an examination. These theses the student has been expected to write during the odd moments when she is not in the class room or busy in preparation of recitations. Such odd moments are neeessarily few in the life of an overworked senior, and the effort to write scholarly theses and at the same time carry regular program work has resulted in much unnecessary worry and physical exhaustion. Such threatened to be the case in an unusual degree this year, and therefore the proposed change is enthusiastically welcomed. For the week beginning Tuesday, May 24th, seniors and juniors will be excused from all recitations in those departments which require final thesis work, and no theses will be required until the first of June. This change enables the student to find consecutive time for writing, which is an absolute necessity for success in any line of literary work, and it will free her from the danger of overtaxed strength. Such a measure has been long looked for, and its results cannot fail to be most gratifying to both faculty and students. For '92 at least the much-talked-of senior vacation promises to be a reality.

A Greek society has recently been organized at Wellesley which promises to be a feature of great interest in the college life. Like the societies already existing, only those who have been in college a year, and those who do not already belong to a society, are eligible to membership. The work of the society will supplement that done in the Greek department, which in the class room is more or less restricted in its scope. The plans for next year are not as yet definitely matured, but it will be the aim of members to follow out more fully than is possible in the class room significant points in the literature, history and antiquities of the Greeks. There will be a careful study of the Greek drama, and an effort will be made to keep in touch with all the recent research and discovery in Greece. The character of the work will certainly prove of great interest to many of the classic-loving

students, and it is safe to predict that the new society will have a career of success and usefulness.

CONSTITUTION OF THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

As approved by the Academic Council and the Students.

ARTICLE 1. The name of this periodical shall be the Wellesley Magazine.

ARTICLE II. It shall be issued once a month from October to July inclusive.

ARTICLE III. Section 1. The board shall consist of ten members, an editor-in-chief, an assistant editor-in-chief, six additional editors, and two business managers.

Section 2. Of these editors eight shall be elected from the junior class, one from the special organization, and the tenth may be elected from the juniors, specials, or graduate students. The board may at its discretion ask any member of the College to act as an additional member of the board.

Section 3. The editors shall be elected during the winter term by the classes of which they are members, from nominations made by the editorial board. The number of nominations shall exceed the number of offices to be filled by as many as the editorial board shall see fit. If the organizations shall refuse to elect from the nominations made, additional nominations shall be submitted until all the editors are elected.

Section 4. The editors shall enter into office at the beginning of the spring term.

ARTICLE IV. Each magazine shall contain as a rule, in addition to literary matter furnished by the editors, a leading article furnished by a member of the faculty or by an alumna, such articles contributed by members of the College as are deemed suitable by the editors, editorials on subjects of college interest, college and alumnae notes, and book reviews.

ARTICLE V. The price of the Wellesley Magazine shall be $2.00 for one year. The price of single copies shall be $ .25.

Wellesley, May 10th, 1892.

A WINDOW OF HEAVEN.

It was a winter day. A child, tired of play, stood by the window looking down upon the rough, hard-frozen ground, and the cold, gray river, the surface of which was all cut into little fretting waves by the sharp, icy wind that blew steadily up stream.

Inside it was warm and comfortable; a bright fire burned in the grate, and in the corner the grandmother sat in her high-backed rocking chair, knitting and thinking. On the rug before the fire were scattered some blocks, odds and ends from a carpenter's shop. These were the child's most precious playthings, and with them he had been trying to build a castle like the one in the picture which was pasted in the lid of his grandmother's work-box; but the walls would not stand, so he left it and went to the window, where his eyes traveled from the river to the sky.

"How the wind blew the clouds over the hills; would they never stop coming?"

Suddenly there appeared among the clouds a window, a window in heaven! Surely he saw angel wings. Slowly they moved. "O to see the face of an angel! How glorious that would be!" Breathless with wondering joy and awe the child gazed eagerly upwards, but just as he thought to see a heavenly countenance shine down upon him the window vanished. In its place there appeared a grate of glowing coals just like the one in the room, and the child knew that it was no window of heaven at all that he had seen, but only a picture that the fire had made against the clouds. Now that it had faded, the world looked cold and dark and his heart was sad, for heaven had seemed so near. Why could he not see the angels?

Close to his grandmother's side he drew his little chair and laid his head in her lap, and her loving eyes smiled down upon him. She too had been thinking of heaven, for she had

many friends there; but she knew that the only way to see the angels is to be an angel.

Years passed and the child grew to be a man. Many times he saw fair visions where other men saw only clouds and so he became a poet, and his own soul was a window of heaven and the love of God shone through it to all mankind. *R. W. S.*

A SUNSET.

The day had been hot. Not a cooling breeze had rustled the fronded palm, or stirred the waters of the Nile. The sun, pouring down from a cloudless sky upon the desert sand and the sand-rock hills, made them gleam and glitter. The intense whiteness was relieved here and there by a sharply defined strip of rich green grass upon the borders of the river, or the soft grey of the granite temples. Wearily had the fellahin toiled under the burning sun, "making their bricks without straw." The birds coming to the water's edge to drink, arose slowly on the wing, with aimless motion, and lazily wheeling about, alighted again at the river.

But now the sun is sinking and we, little Kameel and I, are sitting on the high bank, looking across the Nile toward Thebes and the desert plain. Below us the river flows and stretches away in the distance, now lost, now appearing in its winding way; here graced by the uplifted palm trees guarded by the unweary sphinx. It is growing cooler, and nature seems to awake from her noonday sleep. The gold-green beetles come running about us, and the many-colored lizards dart by our feet. The birds on swifter wing, fly to their nests. On the opposite shore the fellahin are singing some weird song which echoes strangely, across the water. The veiled women from the town come now, at eventide, to the river to fill their jars, with them troops of bright-faced children, shouting in merry jest and song.

But see, the sun is just ready to drop behind the white sand-mountains—now it is gone. A little breeze softly stirs the lightly-poised leaves. Clouds begin to gather. How they come, from the east, the north, the south, hurrying along, coiling themselves in graceful spiral forms. Like three great divisions of an army they meet overhead. For an instant they recoil, then mingling, melting, uniting, they speed toward the west. Where the sun went down shines a glimmering light, which deepens into a wondrous star, brighter, softer than burnished gold. The clouds, first touched with rosy tints, gathering color all the way, roll in in waves of fire-red. The white sands turn to glittering gold, the hills are wrapped in flames, the muddy river now takes on the tints of softest green.

For a moment the desert world is glorified; then softly fading, the lights are out and we are left under the Egyptian stars.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WEEKLY BULLETIN.

Monday evening, May 23, Lecture by Mrs. Edmund Noble.

Wednesday evening, May 25, Lecture by Dr. Dyke on The Family as a Social Problem.

Sunday, May 29, Preaching by Rev. G. W. Gardner of New London, Conn.

Monday evening, May 30, Concert.

Rev. G. S. Butterworth of Worcester, Mass., preached in the chapel last Sunday morning. His text is found in Philippians 1: 21, "For me to live is Christ."

The village church, last Saturday evening, May 14, witnessed as decided a success for our Glee and Banjo Clubs as did the College chapel on the preceding Monday. The hall was well filled, and the audience enthusiastic; the solos by Miss Foss and Miss Pullen, there as

here, were greeted with hearty applause, and both clubs were obliged to respond to several encores. On all sides is heard nothing but praise both for leaders and members, because of the excellent training received and the splendid work done. Surely the College has good reason to be proud of its Glee and Banjo Clubs.

The subject of Dr. Dyke's lecture, given on Friday evening, May 13, was "The Village." This subject was taken up because the village has been found to be a key to social structure, and as beginning with the present and working back has been chosen as our method of study, the modern village must first be observed. Any country village, Dr. Dyke said, contains the chief elements involved in modern social problems. From a close observation of these elements we obtain a classification of our social material; not a division into the family, the church, and the state, but a new and more serviceable classification. We have first the head which we will call *religious*, under which there is the church, the home, the individual. Under a second head, *educational*, we have the school building, the home, the individual. The third head, the *economic*, comprises the store, the home and the individual; while the town-hall, the home and the individual are again grouped under the last head, *political*. The road is involved in all these groups, belonging distinctively to no one of them, and yet connected with them all. The principle of classification here is the dominant quality. But making another classification on the principle of morphology we have the individual as the social cell; the family as the primary social form; the collective form as seen in the church, store, school and town assembly; and the representative form as seen in representative conventions of religious, educational, economic and political bodies. Thus we have a classification and a distinction which will be of great practical value. The family is the unit of society, and the work of the sociologist must be to distribute activity between the home and the collective forms of society, so as to bring the best force into action. The home must be made to do some work, and where an institution is working badly, it must be set in order by giving another form of society more work to do. Thus starting out with a primary form, we have the possibility of arranging our material so that it may be handled in a scientific manner.

A new society, under the name of the "Classical Society of Wellesley College," has lately been organized among the students, for the purpose of promoting the interests of all classical study. Following are the names of the charter members: Edith Bancroft, Lucy Jane Dow, Mabel A. Hayes, Maria A. Kneen, Margaret B. Simmons, Blanche L. Thayer, Jennette A. Moulton, Grace Hamilton Perkins, Lillian B. Quinby, Grace C. Albee, Florence W. Davis, Mary Freeman Duren, Alice F. Brewster. At a meeting held last Saturday evening, the following officers were elected:—President, Florence W. Davis; Vice President, Mabel A. Hayes; Recording Secretary, Alice F. Brewster; Corresponding Secretary, Lillian B. Quinby; Treasurer, Mary Freeman Duren. Executive Committee: 1st Maria A. Kneen; 2nd Grace H. Perkins; 3rd BlancheL.Thayer. Factotums: 1st Grace C. Albee; 2nd Margaret B. Simmons.

Last Saturday afternoon, May 14, the Juniors entertained the Sophomores, and the Gymnasium was again the scene of a very merry party. After Miss Hill and Miss Howe had received their class and its guests, a delightful little farce, called "Which is Which?", was given. The hero of the play, Mr. Capper, a young artist very deeply in debt, won the audience by the happy, light hearted way he bore his poverty, and his frank "asides" were received with applause. The scene between Capper and his chief creditor, "Mr. Paddles,

oil and color man," a red faced, hot headed Irishman, was especially amusing, Capper's cool good nature forming a striking contrast to Mr. Paddles' just wrath and indignation. In the last scene a young heiress, Miss Pestle, whom Capper knew as a child, and her penniless relation, Miss Bingham, are having their portraits painted, and for a joke try to keep the artist in ignorance of which is which. Capper, who expects to propose to Miss Pestle on this first interview, is extremely embarrassed, for try as he may he cannot discover which one is Miss Pestle. Finally, however, he lets events follow their own course. MissBingham departs, and the ending is the anticipated fortunate one, where "Love leads him right and whispers which is which." The heroine is very sweet and gracious, and the minor characters, also, are well sustained throughout. The following is the cast of characters.

Robert Capper, A young Artist, much in debt, H. G. Eager
Mr. Gargle, His uncle, M. McPherson
Paddles, An Oil and Color man, K. Winton
Annie Pestle, An Heiress, M. E. Dillingham
Bertha Bingham, Her penniless Friend, W. Meyer
Mrs. Mills, Capper's old Servant, L. Pennington

The play over, lemonade was served, the floor was cleared for dancing, and when at six o'clock guests and hostesses alike departed all testified to a most enjoyable afternoon.

The reception given Monday afternoon in the Art building by the Faculty of the College was a very delightful affair. The afternoon was so bright and tempting that an unusual number of guests from Boston were present. These friends, with the Senior class, were received by Miss Shafer in the Art Gallery. The afternoon was signalized by the addition of another treasure to our store of goodly things—a beautiful medallion of Dante, by Jackson the American sculptor. The presentation speech, by Dr. Langdon of Providence, gave us the story of the long-lost Giotto portrait of Dante from which this medallion was taken. Mrs. H. B. Goodwin made a fitting response in behalf of the College. The beautiful halls of the building were well adapted to the entertainment of the guests and the Art Lecture hall proved an excellent place for refreshments, which were served by deft Juniors and Sophomores in white gowns. The universal opinion decided the Art Building to be a most charming place for such a gathering, and pronounced this reception one of the most pleasant ever held there.

The following is the program of the organ recital given by Mr. George E. Whiting in the College chapel, Monday exening, May 16:—

Berthold Tours	Fantasie in form of an Offertoire.
Bach	Toccata and Fugue, D minor.
Whiting	Religious Melody and Variations.
Mendelssohn	Sonata, D major, Op. 65,
Sterndale Bennet	Barcarole (4th Concerto).
Ch. Marie Widor	Adagio and Toccata, from the 5th Organ Symphony.

If Mr. Whiting could know the pleasure he gave to the music-lovers of Wellesley, he would feel repaid for his recital of Monday evening. Consummate skill must result in perfect ease, so that in listening to an artist who is master of his instrument one does not think of techniqne. The difficult pedal passages and intricate work in Mr. Whiting's program would never impress one as such from performance of them. An organ recital would not be complete without a Bach fugue, and Mr. Whiting rendered the Sonata and Fugue in D minor in a way worthy of the great composer. Mr. Whiting's own Sonata is a truly religious melody and its movement beautiful. There is a satisfaction in hearing a musician play his own compositions, for then we get the original idea, as nearly as that is possible. It was eminently fitting that Mendelssohn's Sonata should be followed by a selection from one

whose work from the beginning was influenced by love and admiration for the man who was then the centre of the musical world. Such enthusiastic applause was called forth by Sterndale Bennett's Barcarole that Mr. Whiting was obliged to repeat parts of it. The brilliant Toccata from Marie Widor's Fifth Organ Symphony brought to a close, all too soon, an evening that will long be remembered, and that has placed Mr. Whiting high in the estimation of the College.

LITERARY NOTES.

The New Review has an article by W. H. Mallock entitled *Le Style C'est l'homme.* After endeavoring to explain something of what is meant by the *style* of a literary man, Mr. Mallock proceeds to show that its foundation is not technical skill, but individual character. The question is not so much the matter, often, of what is said, but the manner of saying it. Just as a learned man may bore one in conversation, so may a scholarly thinker tire one by his uncongenial style in writing. The human quality, rather than the literary quality, is what tells. Thackeray, Dickens, Macaulay are illustrations of men who are charming as impressive and delightful persons, rather than practised and adroit writers. But as style is the vehicle of character, so beyond a certain point must skill be the vehicle of style. This skill is a gift neither of knowledge nor intellect, but is rather the power of conveying these through a certain pecular medium. Certain artifices are of value in literature. Construction and modulation form the chief part of mere writing, choice of words and phrases comes next. The most perfect style is that which conveys most, while seeming to be least literary. But at last we must own that skill is only a condition, and not always an indispensible one, of a writer's showing well and clearly that which makes or unmakes him his character.

In *Education*, Mr. C. W. Hatson finds *The Morality of Thackeray's Art* to be in its truth. For him Thackeray is the greatest painter of human nature since Fielding, hence we conclude his morality is second only to Fielding's. —a natural inference which Mr. Hatson omits to mention. Walter Scott, Dickens, Eliot, not to lengthen the list of minor writers enumerated, are inferior to Thackeray in absolute truth, hence in morality, Thackeray's preaching is done by his characters' lives, not by deliberate sermonizing. His men are an inspiration to high living and thinking, and his best women, although not of so fine a mould, are reverent and beautiful creations.

The Fortnightly Review contains a condemnation of *Amateur Christianity* by W. H. Mallock. The recent abnormal success of *Robert Elsmere* interests one because of the light it throws on the mental condition of its readers. The popularity of the novel is an expression of the devout idea that the essence of Christianity will somehow survive its doctrines. To Mr. Mallock it seems that the world has three courses from which to choose—to submit itself openly to the uncompromising dogmatism of Rome; to free itself from the fetters of Christianity altogether; or to attempt the construction of a Christianity such as these persons hope for. To him Christianity necessarily implies the belief that Christ is God, and for that reason He is to be followed. Mrs. Ward and the school she may be said to represent, believe Christ to be a good man, because His doings and teachings agree with conduct commended by their judgment. Her following of Christ depends on herself not on Him: on her morals, not on His miracles. She follows Him because He is good, she does not follow his teachings because He commanded it. Mrs. Ward's religion is a thing of opinion: Christianity is a thing of authority. Mrs. Ward indeed finds that what she regards as non-theological Christianity meets with sympathy and acceptance

amongst large numbers of people. But that does not make it Christianity. People are curiously misled when they think they can rid themselves of dogma without losing anything besides. What they recommend, they recommend on their own authority, not Christ's. In the interests of honesty let them drop the name of Christ, and not attempt to enforce their doctrines on grounds which they themselves repudiate.

EXCHANGES.

The value of the exchange department has been lately called into question by several of the papers on our table, and an examination of the college publications forces one to the conviction that there are two sides to the question. The exchange column which consists of clippings, may contain a few items or verses of interest to the average reader, but it furnishes very little training to the editor who clips, as well as very little insight into the ability or originality of the College as represented by its paper. Critical notes on the literary efforts of other papers necessitate the reading of a great deal of trash by the editor, and are of little interest to those who seldom read the publications of other colleges, or prefer to form their own estimates as to their merits. It is, however,a help to both editors and contributors to know which of their departments meet with the approval of "The college world," and to obtain an expression as to the value or worthlessness of various features of their own paper. Moreover, the maintenance of an exchange department insures a careful examination of at least the best of the papers published by other colleges, and enables a paper to select as models the various departments of the best edited sheets which thus come to its notice. The print, paper, and finish of the *Yale Courant*, the verse of *The Brunonian*, the stories of *The Advocate*, the exchange department of *The Vassar Miscellany*, and the high literary character of *The Harvard Monthly* challenge our particular admiration, and we feel sure the exchange department is not useless if it can bring to the notice of its paper such excellent traits in others as may excite improvement in itself. As to book reviews and magazine notices, although they may not be of incalculable value to the great world, they have a certain place in cultivating critical work and paving the way to journalism : they also offer to an outsider the opportunity of getting at the student's attitude toward some of the current literature, and encourage the student to consider it part of his education to keep in touch with what is being said and written by the best minds of the day.

The *Harvard Monthly* answers this question, "What is a Philistine?" with an enumeration of qualities and characteristics which makes one shrink from acknowledging oneself to belong to the class; while fearing it may be one does. *Walt Whitman* is designated by one contributor as a phenomenon, but not a poet, by another as a prophet of "what might have been" had the American character remained uninfluenced by the immigration of foreign population and traits.

Harvard is to be congratulated on the refusal of Prof. Palmer to accept the position tendered him in Chicago University. The declinations of Professor Royce and Professor White, taken with his own, leave the Harvard faculty untouched by the new university, which has drawn so heavily from other of the prominent colleges.

The following poems are clipped.

High on a sunward mounting precipice
Edged with a cloud that all before me ran,
I backward gazed and pictured span by span
How I had mounted upward from the abyss ;
By what a confused pathway come to this,
The end of earth, and saw the future's plan
Grow, minimize the universe to man,

And build a daring, nobler edifice.
Ah, struggle to assume this new control,
And seek thy higher reaches, O my soul!
Thou'rt sure of this, thy feet are on the earth,
Forget it, it remains! But let thy eyes
Lead on thy heart, and find beyond the skies
At least the promise of an upward birth.
—Harvard Monthly.

NIGHT.

Now is the reign of gloomy night,
Nature's voice is hushed and still;
Like unto death with its black blight
Is earth, and dormant is her will.

A mournful sadness fills my breast,
I cannot tell whence it has come:
Children of night, in sables drest,
About me hover, drear and dumb.

Oh night, what crimes thy veil doth hide,
How much of sadness has thy face;
As if thou know'st, but may not chide,
The wrongs committed with thy grace.
—Dartmouth Literary.

'Tis only the breath of a withered rose,
But it whispers thy love to me;
Into my soul the fragrance goes,
'Tis only the breath of a withered rose,
And who but the faded flower knows
'Twas gathered and sent by thee.
'Tis only the breath of a withered rose,
But it whispers thy love to me.
—Yale Courant.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

The spring meeting of the Boston Wellesley College Club will be held at the Hotel Thorndike, Boston, at three o'clock Saturday, May twenty-eighth.

The few remaining copies of the last edition of the Wellesley Record are offered for sale at the reduced price of fifty cents. They may be obtained at No. 86, College Hall, or by addressing the Wellesley Record Association.

Miss Mary J. Brewster, '81, was one of the graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania at its recent commencement.

BORN.

In Newton Centre, Mass., in March, a daughter, Ruth, to Mrs. Theodora Brown Silver, '88.

WABAN RIPPLES.

Instructor in Zoology, (*to domestic.*) I wish you to wash these dishes. Will you take that small footbath, which is kept for the purpose, and put some warm water in it? (*Domestic hesitates.*) You know where to get the water, don't you?

Domestic. Yes'm, but please'm I don't know what the footbath is; I don't know a thing about *Zoology!*

Visitor, viewing the Stetson Art collection. "Where does the college get all its paintings?"

Student. Guide. "Why every girl who graduates from the Art course is required to paint a picture to hang up here. So you see we are getting quite a fine collection."

A class in History II had been reciting with great credit before representatives from the Board of Visitors. Finally some mention was made of the Iliad in connection with the characters under discussion. Then this little tragedy was acted:

A Visitor. Can any of the young ladies tell me the number of books in the Iliad?

The beauty of the class (*after profound silence.*) I should think, sir, that would depend on the way in which it was bound.

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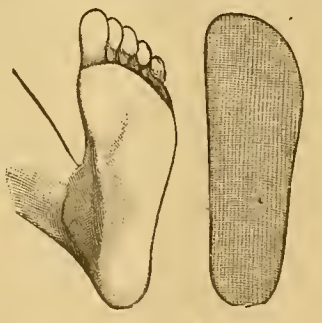

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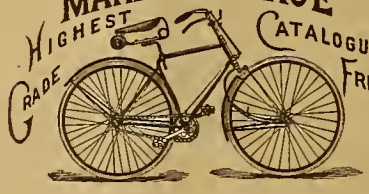

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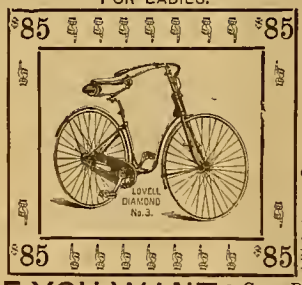

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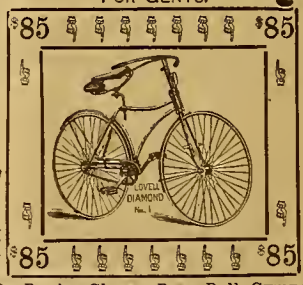

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